

THE
SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

VOL. I.—NO. 22.

Philadelphia, December 1, 1821.

Miscellany.

FROM THE LONDON LITERARY GAZETTE.

Descriptive Accounts of Palembang and Banca. By Major M. H. Court.
London, 1821. 8vo. pp. 259.

A second expedition by the Dutch government at Java, sent against Palembang, in May last, gives an increased interest to this volume, which warmly espouses the cause of the Sultaun of Palembang and Banca, in opposition to the acts of those to whom we ceded these territories in the year 1816. The political history of this state, during the late war, may be very briefly summed up. The British conquered (together with all the rest of the eastern islands under the sway of European powers) the district of Palembang, in Sumatra, and the dependent isle of Banca. The reigning Sultaun murdered the Dutch resident and his people; in consequence of which atrocity he was deposed by the English when they took possession, and his brother seated on the throne to the exclusion of his sons. Some fighting ensued, and the Ex-Sultaun was driven to a distant post high up the river on which Palembang is situated. The death of captain Meares, however, an able officer who commanded our troops, left the ulterior negotiations in the hands of another person, who, it is stated, contrary to his instructions, restored the first Sultaun to his authority. This treaty was disavowed by the government at Java, and another change of dynasty, as originally settled, was carried into effect. Thus matters remained till the cession in 1816, when the Dutch replaced the murderer of their countrymen and imprisoned his brother, whom he had appointed, as it should appear out of jealousy of British influence. Major Court also points out and reproves their misconduct in other respects; accuses them of despotism and rapacious views; and claims for our late Malay allies so much of our interference as to protect them from encroachments beyond the spirit of existing treaties. These views, it may be remembered, are in unison with a line so vigorously taken by Sir T. S. Raffles, and on the face of the author's showing, it certainly does seem evident that the government of the Netherlands is carrying its system of oppression and inroad to a greater extent than in honour we ought to permit.

But the *Literary Gazette* is not the field to enter upon this question, and we rather turn to our proper course in making an abstract of the information on pacific points, with which major C. has favoured us.

The kingdom of Palembang holds the first rank among the native states of Sumatra, and occupies the portion of that island to the southward of the equator, which is included between the latitudes of 2° and 4° 30'. It is bounded on the N. and E. by the straits of Banca, on the S. by the Lampoong

country, on the W. and S. W. by mountains which separate it from our settlements of Bencoolen, and on the N. W. by the territories of the Sultaun of Jambee. The principal river is the Moosee, on which the town of Palembang stands. Up to Palembang this river exhibits no signs of population, though navigable for vessels of the largest burden; it swarms with alligators, which are very daring and voracious. The following particulars are given by the author:—"The pantjallangs, or river passage-boats, which are of various dimensions according to the rank of the owners, and which, being cut from the solid trunk of a tree, are almost on a level with the surface of the water, expose the men who paddle them very much to the attacks of these monsters of the river. Some of the pantjallangs belonging to the Sultaun and his family are no less than forty-two feet in length and ten or twelve in the greatest breadth, requiring twenty-four men to paddle them, who are ranged on each side. The trees from which these boats are formed are cut in the forests near the mountains, whence they are brought to Palembang with considerable labour." * * * *

"I have seen, on two occasions, alligators raise their heads out of the water near the side of the boat, in the attempt to take one of the paddlers out of this large description of pantjallang. The boatmen, having plenty of room to move away, escaped their grasp; which was checked also by the height of the side of the boat from the water, though in this large pantjallang the deck at the centre, upon which the paddlers sit cross-legged, did not exceed nine or ten inches above the surface of the water. From the smaller description of pantjallangs no less than seventeen paddlers were carried away by alligators during the time I was at Palembang. Two gentlemen, coming up the river to visit me in one of the smaller boats, had provided themselves with a basket of provisions for their journey. On their way an alligator raised himself from the water; the paddlers shrieked and fortunately escaped, but the basket of provisions became the prey to his voracity."

Palembang stands on both banks of the Moosee, which is there about 1,200 feet in breadth. The Sultaun's palace is a magnificent brick building; the other houses are chiefly of timber, and some of them built on rafts which rise and fall with the tide.

"Not more than three or four houses have any communication one with another, excepting by boats. This does not proceed from a necessity arising out of the nature of the country, so much as from the habit and inclination of the people to have ready access to the conveniences of the river. The principal inhabitants, who have their houses generally built upon the banks of the river, have piers constructed to the distance of low-water-mark, in order that they may at all times command uninterrupted communication with their boats."

"From one extreme to the other, the town may be estimated to extend at least three miles along each bank, and to contain a population of nearly twenty-five thousand souls, including about one thousand Arabs and Chinese."

The trade is considerable; tin from Banca and gold dust are the principal exports. The description of the inhabitants offers no new features that could interest our readers, and the only notice worth an extract is the annexed.

"There is a description of wild people in the interior of the Palembang dominions who refuse all intercourse, and who are called Orang-Kubu. They are considered a very harmless and inoffensive people, and with them a trade is contrived to be carried on in the following manner. Cloths, tobacco, and other articles, of which they have need, are placed at certain spots near where they are known to live, and the owner of the goods, as a

signal to them, beats a gong when he retires from the place. These people then come and take away the goods, leaving a very full equivalent in honey, wax, and other articles they collect in their wild retreats."

The Sultaun is despotic, and enjoys a large revenue; Banca alone furnishing \$150,000 per annum.

This island is situated between the latitudes $1^{\circ} 30'$ and $3^{\circ} 8'$ south of the equator; its greatest length 135 miles, and its greatest breadth 68 miles. It runs parallel to the Sumatra coast, and the channel between them forms the straits of Banca. Many of its hills have conical summits, but there is no trace of volcanic eruption. It is curious, however, that "on the morning of the 11th of April, 1815, a constant succession of sounds was heard at Minto," the chief town, "like reports of distant cannon. Thinking it possible they might be signals of distress from a ship in the straits, the government vessels then in the roads were directed to proceed down the straits in the direction whence the reports appeared to come. Captain O'Brien, in his majesty's frigate Doris, got under way at the same time.

"It is remarkable that the reports were not heard by any person on board the frigate or vessels in the roads, nor at any time whilst they were at sea. A Swedish ship arrived from the southward the next day, from which no tidings could be obtained in explanation, as no person on board had heard or seen any thing extraordinary on their passage up the straits.

"Expresses were received from the inspectors of every district, conveying their apprehensions of attack from pirates, each observing that heavy firing of cannon had been heard, which they supposed to be near. It struck me that one of the hills in Banca must have exploded; but the sounds were afterwards proved to have proceeded from the explosion of a hill on the island of Sumbawa, to the eastward of Java, a distance not less than seven hundred miles, and still farther from Palembang, over which country also the sounds were distinctly heard."

The population of Banca consists of above 13,000 souls, including Chinese who work the tin mines, Malayese, and Orang Goonoong, or native people. These tin mines are very numerous, and on the whole the island is valuable for timber and other products. Its natural history is very scanty.

"With the exception of deer and wild hogs, of which there are very few, no animals are found on Banca. Tigers, which are common at Palembang, and which there frequently visit the skirts of the town, are here unknown. Insects abound, and also snakes, of which some, of a small kind, are venomous. Those of very large size, which are numerous, are cut open by the Chinese, and the gall taken out, which they use as a medicine."

It would be tedious in us to follow major Court through his topographical details, and as neither these nor the account of the piratical isle of Billiton afford matter of general interest, we shall not prolong this notice further than to recommend the book to all persons who are concerned in the political and commercial relations of our eastern empire.

FROM THE EDINBURGH PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.

From a Narrative of a Descent in a Diving-Bell, by Dr. Colladon.

The bell in which we were to descend may be thus described. It was a kind of oblong iron chest, cast in one single piece, open below, 6 feet long,

4 broad, and 5 high: it weighed four tons; it was three inches thick at bottom, and half that thickness at top. It was cast in London, and, including the necessary apparatus and the air-pump, cost about £200. The bell being a great deal heavier than the water which it displaces, descends by its own weight. The upper part is pierced with eight or ten holes, in which are fixed the same number of convex glasses, very thick, which transmit the light. The glasses or lenses are fixed in the top of the bell, by means of a copper ring, screwed up against the glass, between which and the bell a coat of putty is laid, and then screwed hard up, so as to render it air-tight. The top is pierced with another hole, about an inch in diameter, which receives a long flexible leather pipe, intended to introduce into the bell the air compressed from above by a forcing-pump. In the inside of the bell is a valve which serves to close the aperture, and prevent the air from escaping. In the interior, were two small benches on opposite sides of the bell, with a foot-board between them. There was room enough for four persons. From the middle of the roof descended several strong chains, intended to sustain a kind of iron-basket, in which they place the stones or other matters which they wish to carry up. The bell in which we went down was suspended by the centre with strong ropes, and managed by means of a moveable crane erected on the deck of a small vessel. We got into the bell, which was sufficiently elevated above the surface for that purpose, by means of a boat placed underneath it. We had with us two workmen.

We descended so slowly, that we did not notice the motion of the bell; but as soon as the bell was immersed in water, we felt about the ears and the forehead a sense of pressure, which continued increasing during some minutes. I did not, however, experience any pain in the ears; but my companion suffered so much, that we were obliged to stop our descent for a short time. To remedy that inconvenience, the workmen instructed us, after having closed our nostrils and mouth, to endeavour to swallow, and to restrain our respiration, for some moments, in order that, by this exertion, the internal air might act on the Eustachian tube. My companion, however, having tried it, found himself very little relieved by this remedy. After some minutes, we resumed our descent. My friend suffered considerably: he was pale, his lips were totally discoloured; his appearance was that of a man on the point of fainting; he was in involuntary low spirits, owing, perhaps, to the violence of the pain, added to that kind of apprehension which our situation unavoidably inspired. This appeared to me the more remarkable, as my case was totally the reverse. I was in a state of excitement resembling the effect of some spirituous liquor. I suffered no pain; I experienced only a strong pressure round my head, as if an iron circle had been bound about it. I spoke with the workmen, and had some difficulty in hearing them. This difficulty of hearing rose to such a height, that during three or four minutes I could not hear them speak. I could not, indeed, hear myself speak, though I spoke as loudly as possible; nor did even the great noise caused by the violence of the current against the sides of the bell reach my ears. I thus saw confirmed by experience what Dr. Wollaston had foreseen by theory in his curious and interesting paper on Sounds inaudible to certain ears.*

After some moments, we arrived at the bottom of the water, where every unpleasant sensation almost entirely left us. We were then twenty-seven feet below the surface. I confess that the recollection of the great depth, joined to the idea that if the smallest stone, or other matter, should obstruct the action of the valve, the bell would be instantly filled with water, did not fail to create for a short time a kind of uneasiness. One of the workmen,

* See this *Journal*, vol. iv. p. 160.

however, to whom I imparted my thoughts on that subject, desired me, with a smile, to look at one of the glasses placed above us, which I observed to be so much cracked in the middle, that bubbles of air were continually escaping.

We breathed during the whole of our stay under water with much ease. We experienced now and then a great heat. Our perspiration was sometimes copious, and sometimes there suddenly came over us so thick a vapour as to prevent my seeing the workmen placed opposite me; but as by means of the signals they constantly sent us from above pure air, in so large quantities, that a great part of what was contained in the bell made its escape with great violence, this inconvenience very soon disappeared. Our pulse was not affected.

Mr. Bald, who went down two days before me in one of the bells used at Howth, and to whose kindness I am indebted for the communication of his notes and observations, took with him a thermometer, and found the temperature of the air at the surface and in the inside of the bell to be 63° Fahr.; while the temperature of the water within a foot of the bottom (that is to say nineteen feet below the surface) was 56° Fahr.

The light which we had in going down and at the bottom of the sea was very strong. Mr. Bald could distinguish very easily in descending a great number of fishes, and other marine animals, which fled at the approach of the diving-bell. The sun shone bright, and I could write and read very easily. We gathered some fuci, (*Fucus filum*, *Fucus saccharinus*, &c.) We took some marine animals, and obtained several pieces of rock, which suggest some interesting views, explanatory of their formation, which is perhaps owing, as in the case of coral, &c. to certain animals. That part of the bottom of the sea which did not present any rock, was composed of sand and pebbles. The current of water was very violent; the colour of the water, as seen through the glasses, seemed to us to be of a light green: in the bell, where we had about ten or twelve inches of it, it was quite colourless.

Having remained more than an hour at the bottom, and having seen the men work as easily as in the open air, they made some signals, and we ascended, fully satisfied with what we had seen, and convinced of the facility and safety of these submarine operations. Before we went down, they had lost their basket at the bottom of the water, and, in order to find it again, they were obliged, in using their signals, to have the bell moved in every direction, which gave us the advantage of becoming well acquainted with the method they employed to make themselves understood. In going up, the sensations which we experienced in the head were very different from those which we felt in descending. It seemed to us that our heads were growing larger, and that all the bones were about to separate. This disagreeable sensation, however, did not last long; we were in a short time above the surface, not only much pleased with what we had seen, but also with the idea of emerging safe from our narrow prison.

FROM THE SAME.

ACCOUNT OF THE NATURAL FIRE TEMPLES OF THE GUEBRES.

The ancient sect of the Guebres or Parsees, distinguished from all others as the worshippers of Fire, derived their opinions from Zoroaster. They had their origin in Persia, but, in consequence of different persecutions with which they were assailed, many of them quitted the kingdom, and, after various migrations, they found an asylum in Surat, Bombay, and other settlements on the Malabar Coast.

Those who remained in Persia experienced even a harder fate than their migratory brethren, and, by the oppressions and exactions of the government, have been reduced to a state of the most abject degradation.

The Persian Guebres inhabit principally the shores of the Caspian Sea, and the cities of Ispahan, Yezd* and Kerman. Their great Fire Temple, however, called *Attush Kudda*, *Atashghah*, or *Atechgah*, is in the neighbourhood of Badku, which, before the conquest of the Saracens, was annually visited by thousands of pilgrims.

The town of Badku, which is one of the largest and most commodious ports on the Caspian Sea, stands in the Peninsula of Abscharon, in Lat. 42° 22' North. The earth in the neighbourhood of this city is completely impregnated with naphtha. The inhabitants of Badku have no other fuel, and no other light but that which they derived from this substance. The black petroleum, when formed into small cakes or balls, with a mixture of sand, is used as fuel. Three of these balls is sufficient for heating an oven for baking bread, but the bread in this case contracts a very disagreeable odour as well as taste. It supplies also the lamps, and forms the fires of the lower classes, and it is used as a covering for the flat roofs of their houses, which it effectually protects from rain.

About ten miles to the north-east of the town, are still seen the ruins of the ancient temples which the Guebres had erected. The religious retirement, according to Forster, where the devotees worship the Deity in the resemblance of fire, is a square of about 30 yards, surrounded with a low wall, and containing many apartments. In each of these is a small volcano of sulphureous fire issuing from the ground, through a furnace or funnel, in the form of a Hindoo altar. This fire is appropriated to the purposes of cookery as well as of worship, and for fortifying the Hindoos against the rigours of the cold season. On closing the funnel the flame is immediately extinguished, and a hollow sound is heard, (by applying the ear to the aperture,) accompanied with a strong and cold current of air, which may be fired at pleasure, by placing near it any flaming substance. The flame is of a pale clear colour, without any sensible smoke, and emits a vapour strongly impregnated with sulphur, which impedes respiration, unless when the head is brought lower than the level of the furnace. The Guebres have a wan and emaciated appearance, and are oppressed with a hectic cough, which also affected Mr. Forster during his visit. The ground within the enclosure abounds with this subterraneous fire, which issues from artificial channels; but it requires always to be lighted by another flame.

Besides these fires in the apartments of the Guebres, a large one springing from a natural cliff, in an open place, continually burns. Many of these volcanoes are seen on the outside of the wall, and have the appearance of limekilns. The general space which contains this volcanic fire, is something less than a mile in circumference. It forms a low flat hill slanting towards the sea, the soil of which consists of a sandy earth intermixed with stones. Mr. Forster observes, that no mountainous land is seen from the Atush-Kudda, nor any violent eruption of flame; but Mr. Kinneir informs us,† that "the whole country round Badku has at times the appearance of being enveloped in flames. It often seems," he adds, "as if the fire rolled down from the mountains in large masses, with incredible velocity; and during the clear moonshine nights of November and December, a bright blue light is observed at times to cover the whole western range. This fire does not consume, and if a person finds himself in the middle of it, no warmth is felt."

* *Geographical Memoir of the Persian Empire*, p. 360.

† There are no fewer than 4000 Guebres in the town of Yezd.

The whole ground, for about two miles in circuit around the principal fire, has the remarkable property of being inflamed by a burning coal, when it is scraped only to the depth of two or three inches; but in this case it does not communicate fire to the neighbouring ground. If the earth, however, is dug up with a spade, and a torch brought near it, an extensive, but instantaneous deflagration takes place; and from this cause houses have frequently been burned, and even men exposed to danger.

If a hollow cane, or merely a tube of paper, is sunk about two inches into the ground, and if we blow upon a burning coal brought near its upper orifice, there will issue a slight flame, which will neither burn the cane nor the paper. This method is employed by the inhabitants for illuminating houses that are not paved; and by means of these hollow canes from which the fire issues, they boil the water in their coffee-urns, and even cook different articles of food. In order to put out the flame, it is necessary only to plug up the orifice. The most rocky parts of the ground furnish the most active and brilliant flame. The smell of naphtha is diffused, but, after being accustomed to it, it ceases to be disagreeable.

The inhabitants employ this natural fire even in calcining lime. The stones are placed one above another, in a place opened to receive them, and in less than three days they are generally perfectly calcined. Sulphur is dug up near the same spot where the springs of naphtha are found.

The small island of Wetoy is the principal place where the black petroleum and naphtha of an amber colour are obtained; but it is substituted only when the workmen go to procure these substances. The Persians carry away great quantities in their vessels, but they are generally in such a bad condition, that the naphtha finds its way into the sea, which is often covered with it to the distance of several leagues. In gloomy weather, or when the heavens are covered with stormy clouds, the springs are in a state of greatest ebullition, and the naphtha, which often takes fire spontaneously at the surface of the earth, flows burning to the sea, in quantities, and to a distance which is quite inconceivable. When the sky is clear, and the weather serene, the ebullition of the springs does not exceed two or three feet.

In consequence of boiling, the petroleum acquires, by the evaporation of the more volatile naphtha, a degree of consistence that obstructs by degrees the orifice of the spring, which then becomes surrounded with small heaps of maltha or earthy mineral pitch, a black substance, as hard and tenacious as pitch. When the resistance of this accumulation overcomes the force of the spring, the naphtha finds some other opening. Springs which have not been long opened, have an embouchure from 8 to 10 feet in diameter.

The naphtha flows from these springs into reservoirs by means of small cuts, and when one reservoir is full, another cut conducts it into another reservoir. In the first reservoir are left the water and the grosser parts which accompany the naphtha from the spring. This coarser matter, which has a strong and penetrating odour, is used for fuel only by the poorest classes of the Persians and other neighbouring nations. It is principally employed as a substitute for oil, or for making the fire-balls already mentioned. It is necessary, however, to preserve it in close vessels, as conflagrations often happen from its susceptibility of taking fire by the approach of a flame.

FROM THE LONDON LITERARY GAZETTE.

THE FAIR OF MAKARIEFF.

Cachemire Shawls.

On the confines of Europe and Asia, and near the Wolga, is situated the miserable village of Makarieff, celebrated for the great fair which is held

there in July, every year. For the space of a month, a few wretched huts, built on a sandy desert, are replaced by thousands of shops erected with a promptitude peculiar to the Russians. Taverns, coffee-houses, a theatre, ball-rooms, a crowd of wooden buildings, painted and adorned with exquisite taste, spring up. It is impossible to form an idea of the throng of people of all nations who flock to Makarieff during this time. There we find assembled, for the purposes of trade, Russians from all the provinces of the empire. Tartars, Tchouvaches, Tcheremisses, Calmoucks, Bucharians, Georgians, Armenians, Persians, and Hindoos; and, besides these, there are Poles, Germans, French, English, and even Americans. Notwithstanding the confusion of costumes and languages, the most perfect order prevails. The riches which are collected together in a space of less than two leagues are incalculable. The silks of Lyons and Asia, the furs of Siberia, the pearls of the east, the wines of France and Greece, the merchandise of China and Persia, are displayed close to the commonest goods and most ordinary articles.

The author from whom we have taken these preliminary remarks, adds the following singular description:—"I had almost forgot (says he) one of the most remarkable articles of merchandise in this fair, and, perhaps, the most interesting to the ladies of Europe. Among the precious commodities from Asia which are to be found at Makarieff, the Cachemire shawls indisputably hold the first rank. For several years past they have been brought in large bales. I have seen a shawl for which eight thousand rubles were asked; though, according to my taste, it was better suited to be spread as a carpet on the divan of an Indian prince, than to cover the shoulders of a lady.

"One of my friends, who had an opportunity of attending as a witness at the purchase of a parcel of these manufactures, has given me an account of the transaction, which appears to me so curious, that I think the detail will be amusing:—

"The conclusion of a bargain for shawls always takes place before witnesses. Having been asked to attend in that capacity, I went to the fair with the purchaser, the other witnesses, and a broker, who was an Armenian. We stopped at an unfinished stone house, without a roof, and we were ushered into a kind of cellar. Though it was the abode of an extremely rich Hindoo, it had no other furniture than eighty elegant packages piled one upon the other against the wall.

"Parcels of the most valuable shawls are sold, without the purchaser seeing any more than the outside of them; he neither unfolds nor examines them, and yet he is perfectly acquainted with every shawl by means of a descriptive catalogue which the Armenian broker, with much difficulty, procures from Cachemire. He and his witnesses and brokers, for he sometimes has two, all sit down. He does not, however, say a word; every thing being managed by the brokers, who go from him to the seller, whisper in their ears, and always take them to the farthest corner of the apartment. This negotiation continues till the price first asked is so far reduced, that the difference between that and the price offered is not too great, so that hopes may be entertained of coming to an agreement. The shawls are now brought; and the two principals begin to negotiate. The seller displays his merchandise, and extols it highly; the buyer looks upon it with contempt, and rapidly compares the numbers and the marks. This being done, the scene becomes animated; the purchaser makes a direct offer, the seller rises, as if going away. The brokers follow him, crying aloud, and bring him back by force; they contend and struggle; one pulls one way and one the other: it is a noise, a confusion, of which it is difficult to form an idea. The poor Hindoo acts the most passive part; he is sometimes even ill-treat-

ed. When this has continued some time, and they think they have persuaded him, they proceed to the third act, which consists in giving the hand, and is performed in a most grotesque manner. The brokers seize upon the seller, and endeavour, by force, to make him put his hand in that of the purchaser, who holds it open and repeats his offer with a loud voice. The Hindoo defends himself; he makes resistance, disengages himself, and wraps up his hand, in the wide sleeves of his robe, and repeats his first price in a lamentable voice. This comedy continues a considerable time; they separate, they make a pause as if to recover strength for a new contest; the noise and the struggling recommence; at last the two brokers seize the hand of the seller, and, notwithstanding all his efforts and cries, oblige him to lay it in the hand of the buyer.

"All at once the greatest tranquillity prevails; the Hindoo is ready to weep, and laments in a low voice that he has been in too great a hurry. The brokers congratulate the purchaser; they sit down to proceed to the final ceremony—the delivery of the goods. All that is passed is a mere comedy; it is, however, indispensable; because the Hindoo will by all means have the appearance of having been deceived and duped. If he has not been sufficiently pushed about and shaken, if he has not had his collar torn, if he has not received the full compliment of punches in the ribs and knocks on the head, if his right arm is not black and blue, from being held fast to make him give his hand to the buyer, he repents of his bargain till the next fair, and then it is very difficult to make him listen to any terms. In the affair in which I assisted as witness, the Hindoo had demanded 230,000 rubles, and came down to 180,000; and of this sum he paid 2 per cent. to the brokers.

"Our whole party, the seller, buyer, brokers, interpreters, and witnesses, sat down with crossed legs upon a handsome carpet, with a broad fringe, spread on purpose. First of all, ices were brought, in pretty bowls of China porcelain; instead of spoons, we made use of little spatula of mother-of-pearl, fixed to a silver handle by a button of ruby, emerald, turquoise, or other precious stones. When we had taken refreshments, the merchandise was delivered.

"The marks had been verified a second time, and all found right; new disputes arose about the time of payment; and, when every thing was at last settled, the whole company knelt down to pray. I followed the example of the rest, and could not help being struck by the diversity of the faith of those who were here assembled: there were Hindoos, adorers of Brama, and of numerous idols; Tartars, who submitted their fate to the will of Allah, and Mahomet his prophet; two Parsis, or worshippers of fire; a Calmouck officer, who adored in the Dala Llama, the living image of the divinity; a Moor, who venerated I know not what unknown being; lastly, an Armenian, a Georgian, and myself a Lutheran, all three Christians, but of different communions—a remarkable example of toleration.

"My prayer was fervent and sincere: I prayed to heaven to be pleased to cure the women of Europe, as soon as possible, of their extravagant fondness of this article of luxury. The prayer being ended, we saluted one another, and every one emptied his bowl; I never tasted a more agreeable beverage. We then separated, and each went his own way."

Note of the Editor—In the summer of 1816, a great fire destroyed the buildings appropriated for magazines and shops. In consequence of this misfortune, it was proposed to remove the fair to Nishni-Novogorod. The Russians, it seems, were very much divided in their opinions on this subject, most of them thinking, that as St. Marcayî was the founder and patron of Makarieff, the fair could not be removed without offending the saint. Notwithstanding this superstitious idea, the removal of the fair to Nishni-Novo-

gorod was determined on. A plan for the necessary buildings at Nishni-Novogorod was drawn up, and laid before the emperor, who approved of it, and assigned a large sum (a million and a half of rubles, annually, as we understand,) for the execution of it. It was expected that the whole would be completed in this year (1821).

FROM THE EDINBURGH PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.

ACCOUNT OF THE SINGULAR TREATMENT OF A QUEEN BEE.

BY MR. GEORGE CRON.

Those that take an interest in bees, and know something of their various instincts, are aware, that the love and reverence which they have for the queen, is not a little remarkable. In proof of this, I am enabled to add an uncommon instance, completely new to me, and I doubt not to many of your readers. I shall have to treat the subject with considerable minuteness, in order that the reader may be fitted to judge, whether, in this case, the bees really acted from affection or from hostility,—whether in short, their intention was to protect or to kill. I cannot help being of opinion that their object was to shield the queen bee from what, in their alarm, they considered as impending destruction; but be this as it may, the fact to be related is a curious one, and deserves to be noticed, as adding to the information already acquired, with respect to the surprising economy of these interesting insects.

Being near the close of the honey season, it was proposed to drive a swarm of bees out of one hive into another, with a view to secure for the winter a good stock-swarm,—a plan which, by the way, is not more merciful than judicious; and there is much room for regret that it is not more generally followed. It happened that the hive out of which the bees were to be driven, consisted of a double swarm, two second casts having united at the time they were thrown, though, of course, there would now be but a single queen bee, as it seems to be generally held, that, in such circumstances, one of the royal personages is sure to perish in mutual conflict.

This hive was gently turned upside down, and the one prepared for the reception of the swarm was placed with care exactly upon it, with a view that the bees might have free access to each, without having it in their power to escape from either. The swarm of the latter was not extremely strong, though the number of bees was thought to be considerable; and there is every reason to believe that the hive had a living queen bee. It is of consequence to remark this, because it will be found, that the circumstance affects not a little the interest which attaches to the incident, the characters of which we have now to narrate.

It was at an early hour of the afternoon when the hives were placed in close contact; and, after some slight attempts, by knocking the under hive gently with the hand, to expel the swarm from it to the one above, they were permitted thus to remain till next day, in order that the bees might at their leisure ascend during the night. It is very possible, that while the hives were left standing after this manner, the queen bees might happen to exchange places; or, at least, the queen belonging to the hive above might contrive to mingle with the swarm of that below. But though this supposition is not at all a probable one, the possibility of it, at all events, must not be lost sight of, in any deduction that may be drawn from the facts to be noticed in the subsequent narrative.

It was intended next morning to attempt the final expulsion of the swarm from the one hive into the other. With this view, the hive into which the bees were to be driven, and which had stood uppermost during the night, was

taken off, and placed upon the stool from which the other had been removed, as it was judged that the bees would very naturally resort to their usual abode. In all likelihood but few bees had gone up, as it was hoped they would, during the night, because, when the combs of the under hive were thus full in view, the swarm was discovered to be in great strength, distinguished in an eminent degree for a lively, active, and healthful appearance. This hive was now taken into both hands, and, with as much severity as the fragility of the combs would permit, was smartly knocked on all sides, with a view to frighten its inmates from their most retired recesses. This mode of procedure, it is evident, caused the utmost consternation; for, though the bees rose in thousands from their cells, not one showed any disposition to sting,—which they would doubtless have done, had they not been thrown into a sort of trepidation and dismay. But as numbers, unwilling to leave their home, and the fruit of all their labour, were still seen clustering together in several parts of the hive, this kind of agitation was kept up for at least the space of half an hour, a feather being frequently passed between the interstices of the combs, with a view to sweep out, or at any rate to frighten the more reluctant. Whether this be the safest or most speedy way of expelling bees from their hives, I know not; but it seems at all events not a bad method for putting them into extreme terror, for they were now seen running at intervals wildly up and down, evincing, by their awakened gestures and tone of hum, strong symptoms of alarm and disorder. And I mention this, because I am of opinion that it was the occasion of the incident on account of which these circumstances have been recorded.

During the progress of this transaction, it became of course a subject of curiosity to get a sight of the queen bee, and an object of interest and attention to see her make a safe departure. For a long while she could not be at all recognised; but at length, on the swarm being almost all expelled, she was seen to fall from the hive, a bee or two clinging eagerly by her. She fell upon a cloth that was spread upon the ground, and, after running for a little time, with the utmost agility and apparent strength, was taken up into the hand, a single bee still continuing to have a firm hold of one of her legs. This one, however, now quitted its grasp, and, on the queen being immediately put down at the mouth of the hive receiving the swarm, a very singular and interesting spectacle was to be seen. In an instant several bees seized upon her, with a sort of eager violence, that was apparently almost indicative of hostility, only their ultimate aim appeared to be merely to lay a sure hold on her, as they made no attempt to wound, by the use of their stings.

This royal guard increased in a moment to the number of a dozen or fifteen, it being quite impossible any longer to obtain a single glimpse of her majesty, so completely was she encircled in the close embraces of these her obtrusive or affectionate assailants. Those bees that had got the main hold, clung to her with a sort of wild determination; but those that did not consider themselves as having so serious a trust, lay clasped together, with countenances somewhat expressive of satisfaction and contentment, forming a little ball, the centre of which was the queen, that might be tumbled over without causing them to quit their hold, or being productive of any injury.

They seized her with their pincers by the wings mainly, and by the legs, but at times by every part also of the body of which any hold could be taken, such as the rings of her belly, and the several parts of her head, excepting the antennæ, which I do not recollect of noticing. At first, they seemed to be making towards the hive with their royal captive; but on being once prevented, they never after attempted any movement of this kind, though they kept the queen bee in this sort of imprisonment upwards of an hour. It was observable all the while, that the swarm in general was not affected by this incident, but continued to go by and over the little ball which embraced

the queen, without bestowing on it the slightest attention. And so compactly did these few bees adhere to one another, that it was amusing to see strangers, which hopes of plunder, or the unusual commotion, had attracted, entangled frequently in their eager grasp, and now and then running off in great alarm with queen and bees both, dragging after them the little ball with considerable velocity, in one of which adventures, it fell from the mouth of the hive upon the ground, a distance of perhaps a foot and a half, the little resolute creatures nevertheless retaining their hold.

During the exhibition of this curious scene, it was remarked that several of the bees, especially on being much disturbed, let go their hold, but were instantly succeeded by others quite as active and determined. And it was very observable, that when any part of the queen bee could be seen, (a thing which seldom took place,) she appeared to be struggling with much eagerness to get free. It was not often, however, that she had liberty enough to move either head, leg, or wing; and as a proof that she was held against her inclination, she was heard at intervals uttering a shrill cry, something after the manner of what is heard before the departure of a second or third swarm, only the tone on this occasion was expressive of constraint rather than of pain.

This remarkable spectacle having continued more than an hour, there was considerable reason to fear, that so much struggling on her part, and so great actual exertion on theirs, would inevitably prove fatal to the queen bee, and thus cause the ruin of the whole swarm. On this account, an attempt was now made to disentangle the royal captive, but for a long time without effect, till at length being taken into the hand, the bees reluctantly took their departure, leaving the queen bee in a very pitiful plight, sorely harassed and fatigued, and bearing many marks, if not of actual violence, at least of harsh usage. But it is here worthy of remark, that the main end which the bees appeared to have all along in view, was to obtain possession of a firm hold, which they generally took with certainly not a little violence, especially considering that the queen bee was the object on which they were seizing. Their great aim, however, was evidently only to detain, as their manners and gestures were by no means indicative of any intention to kill, since even those that were nearest to the royal person, and held the firmest grasp, were not observed to make any use at all of their stings. But their protracted efforts to detain her, whether the result of hostility or affection, proved fatal to the object of their unusual anxiety, which, on getting disentangled, was seen to walk but very imperfectly, was motionless in the space of half an hour, and died in the course of that evening. One of her fore-legs was maimed to a degree that made it useless; her head was considerably bent down; her wings were much distorted and shattered; and several of the rings of her belly torn on the edge. Her body showed no clear symptom, however, of her having been stung. And I am persuaded that her death was in consequence of extreme fatigue, occasioned by a struggle of upwards of an hour, against very superior numbers.

It deserves notice, that when taken back almost motionless, and put down again at the mouth of the hive, the bees were no longer seen clustering around her; but one or two made an attempt to carry her off, after the manner they do those whose bodies are found lying dead in the hive.

Now, in looking back on this interesting spectacle, the several circumstances of which it has been judged proper to describe at considerable length, there can hardly, I think, remain any doubt, that the bees acted from violent terror, their sole intention being to protect the queen bee, or prevent her from making her escape, and deserting them in a season in their eyes so perilous. The only objection to this opinion, is the supposition that the queen bee belonging to the other hive had introduced herself into this swarm,

and that it was the object of those in clasping her so eagerly to destroy her. Yet were it certain that this idea is quite accurate, it seems fitted to show, and that in a very interesting manner, that if common bees do at times put to death the queen bee, the mode of extermination they adopt is altogether distinct from what they pursue in regard to one another. They impetuously seize, it is true, with their feet and pincers on any part apparently of the royal person, clinging firmly to her, but yet in a sort of placid contentment, making not the slightest use of their stings, as the dead body plainly indicated, it being extremely easy for any one familiar with the subject to determine whether bees have perished of such wounds.

But to put a period to these remarks, which can be interesting to those only who pursue with enthusiasm the study of these delightful insects, the entire subject may be resolved into the two following questions: If it was the queen of their own swarm which the bees thus held, what motive can be assigned for their conduct; and why did they detain her for so fatal a length of time? If, on the other hand, it was the queen bee belonging to the other hive, what end in thus acting can it be supposed they had in view; or if their intentions were to destroy, why not despatch her with their stings instantly?

To these questions a careful consideration of the several circumstances noticed in regard to this singular incident, will best afford a satisfactory answer. Fearful, however, lest this paper be already of more than sufficient length, I forbear offering any farther observations, aware that those who are enthusiasts in the study of bees will be extremely glad of these curious facts; and I do not suppose that any but such will with any sort of patience bestow on them the trouble of perusal.

FROM THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

BIOGRAPHICAL ACCOUNT OF THE REV. GEORGE CRABBE, L. L. B.

(Continued from p. 495.)

While Mr. Crabbe was at Beaconsfield he had the happiness of seeing and of becoming known to the Right Hon. Charles James Fox, who, though for some years afterwards he was disappointed in his expectations of the young man's progress as a writer, yet never withdrew the kindness, nor in fact that partiality, which he had before shown. At the seat of a most respectable friend in the eastern part of Suffolk, Mr. Crabbe had the good fortune of seeing Mr. Fox, and there drew from him a promise of reading and giving his opinion of any poetical attempts which might be submitted to his perusal. By the concurrence of many impediments, and chiefly by Mr. Crabbe's own want of diligence, Mr. Fox received no such attempts till the last year of his life. Some he did see, and however he might have been disappointed in the failure of his higher expectations, his good-nature selected some portions of the manuscripts submitted to his judgment, which he conceived merited his approbation; and infirm as he then was, he would not withhold an opinion which he had reason to be assured would give the greatest satisfaction.

But we return to our author while yet in his younger days and unfixed in his situation: his paternally-minded friend being first satisfied with respect to his opinions and wishes, coincided with his own views, and approved of his design of becoming a candidate for holy orders. It is not necessary in this place to relate his fears, his difficulties, the unremitting efforts of his friends, or the event of their recommendation. Mr. Crabbe was ordained a deacon by the Bishop of Norwich in the year 1781, and priest by the same prelate in the following year.

Mr. Crabbe immediately after his ordination became curate to the Reverend James Bennett, vicar of Aldborough, the place of his birth, and continued a few months in that situation: but it was not intended that the efforts of his friends should rest there.

Through the personal influence of Mr. Burke, our author had the honour of being introduced to the late Duke of Rutland, and his grace willing to prove his regard to such recommendation, was pleased to invite Mr. Crabbe to his seat, Belvoir Castle, to retain him there as his domestic chaplain, and to show him by repeated acts of his favour what was expected from his gratitude and improvement.

As our author had not the benefit of a university education, it became necessary that he should take the only certain means in his power to obtain a degree; and in obedience to the desire of his patron his name was entered at Trinity College, Cambridge, where, in conformity with the statute, it was continued ten years; after which time a degree in that college was offered to his acceptance, of which he would gladly have availed himself, had not circumstances unforeseen, and events of much importance to him changed his purposes, and made an application to the late Archbishop of Canterbury for a degree at Lambeth a more immediate object. This his grace was pleased to grant, and Mr. Crabbe became, in virtue of it, Bachelor of Laws, which gave one qualification for holding the benefices which have been, and those which now are in his possession.

Among the many benefits conferred by Mr. Burke upon our author, was that of an introduction to Sir Joshua Reynolds, at whose hospitable mansion he first beheld and was made known to Dr. Johnson; and from this knowledge, late as it was in the doctor's life, he had the good fortune of reaping all the advantages which could be expected by him. He had frequently the pleasure of seeing that good and wise man, and he obtained his opinion of a poem, afterwards published under the title of *The Village*, which certainly was a gratification to his pride, though it did not prove so much as it ought to have been a stimulus to his endeavours.

But we must once more return to an earlier period in our author's life. In the same year, when he became known to Mr. Burke, he had the good fortune to be introduced to the Lord Chancellor Thurlow, from whom he received, at various times, very flattering attention, as well as more substantial and lasting proofs of favour. By his lordship's presentation Mr. Crabbe became possessed of the rectory of Frome St. Quintin with Evershop, in the county of Dorset, which he held about six years, when, in conformity with the wishes of her grace the Duchess of Rutland, his lordship presented him to the rectories of Muston and West Allington, in the diocese of Lincoln, which he held during many years.

Previous to this event Mr. Crabbe had, by the direction of the Duke of Rutland, taken a curacy at Stathorn, a village near to Belvoir Castle, where he purposed to reside till his grace should determine respecting his more permanent situation. In this place he continued with his family, for he was now married and a father, till the news arrived so distressing as well as so important to him and to many, of his grace's decease in Ireland, where he had been Lord Lieutenant from the year 1784 to 1787.

Mr. Crabbe now had ample leisure for his poetical improvements and pursuits: he was himself young, and his children infants. But with some men leisure is not an excitement to industry:—Mr. Crabbe satisfied himself with few and abortive attempts. Perhaps the deaths of his friends were not without their effect: he felt the loss of them, and could not feel their disappointment in him. New engagements, situations, and duties, engrossed his attention, his faculties, and his inclinations; most of the

great men whom he had the honour of calling his friends, were lost to him and to their country; and those who remained were distant, and their opinions and encouragements reached him not in the villages where his fortune had allotted him a temporary residence. He removed with his family, after the decease of the Duke of Rutland, into Suffolk, and continued there, taking upon him the duties of the rectory of Sweffling in that county, then and at this time in possession of the Rev. Richard Turner, minister of Great Yarmouth in the same diocese, with whom it has ever been Mr. Crabbe's pride and satisfaction to have lived, as he still does, on terms of friendship, and in the mutual interchange of good offices.

After an interval of more than twenty years, Mr. Crabbe, returned to his duties and parsonage in Leicestershire, and prepared those poems for the press of which Mr. Fox had given his more favourable opinion. These were returned to their author by the kindness of Lord Holland, after the decease of his uncle, and his lordship was pleased to permit the work then in hand to be dedicated to him; in this respect, as in others, imitating the condescension and obliging spirit of that great man.

Why our author should so long abstain from any call or claim upon public favour, it is not our business to inquire; but it is most probable that the subject itself, viz. Village Manners, described under the three parts of a parish register—Baptisms, Marriages, and Burials, and the further opportunities which he had of viewing these in the different places wherein he resided, gave the hope of success in this attempt. He must have acquired some knowledge of men and their manners; and if from disuse his facility of versification was somewhat abated, his powers of discrimination, and his accuracy in describing, were proportionably augmented.

Of the poems published in 1807 the general opinion was not unfavourable, and Mr. Crabbe had reason to be well satisfied, as it is understood he felt himself, with the verdict of more critical judges. In what degree critics of this description may unite in fixing the reputation of an author, or whether they do in fact determine this, we pretend not to judge; it may be, that every work finally succeeds according to its merit; but it is assuredly a fact, that the immediate success of writers, and especially writers on subjects of taste and those addressed to the imagination, is caused in a great measure by the favourable sentence of critics who stand foremost in the public estimation, and in these Mr. Crabbe certainly found no cold or injurious opinions. What they wrote it is hoped they wrote justly; it is certain they wrote favourably.

Thus encouraged, Mr. Crabbe proceeded to compose a still greater number of verses on kindred subjects, which arose in his view of a seaport, and amid scenes which were engraven on his memory from the time when he first began to observe, or at least to retain whatever he might remark.

Neither the picture of a populous borough, nor that of a noisy port, had been described: they had certainly not been made the subject of a poem; and this might likewise be observed of the manners of the different classes of the inhabitants. The novelty of the work, therefore, the author probably conceived, might be some compensation for the coarseness of the materials, and the accuracy of the likenesses might in some degree atone for their humble situations. This has been decided, and the author was satisfied with the decision; at least he gave a further proof in a third publication (*Tales in Verse*), in which he introduced characters principally from the middle class of life, and incidents such as

were likely to befall them. Three years have elapsed since this work was given to the public, and we cannot therefore judge from that time whether Mr. Crabbe means once more to try the constancy of his partial readers; though it has been mentioned to us that, without meaning to pledge himself for their appearance, he has informed his friends that he has a view of sparing his family the trouble of examining his papers, and of deciding for himself whether the subject which at present offers, and the verses it has already occasioned, are worth the trouble of correction, and will at length become such as may be presented to the view of the public, without causing in him greater apprehensions for their fate, than he has felt for that of their predecessors; and this we suppose is the way which the modesty of an author takes when he means to inform us that he intends to publish again.

When Mr. Crabbe was writing the *Borough*, his second publication, (at least the second fruits of his riper years,) he was resident on his benefice of Muston, and had once more the happiness of seeing the noble family at Belvoir Castle, by whom he had been so highly favoured in the former part of his life. He now petitioned for the honour of dedicating the poem he was writing to his grace of Rutland, who granted his request, and was pleased to receive into his notice the chaplain of the late duke, although he had for many years, in an earlier part of his life, been a stranger to the country. Her grace the duchess dowager was likewise pleased to remember him, and to allow him to express his sense of her goodness by dedicating his last works (his *Tales*) to her grace. These were honours to which he looked, and rewards which his respect for the family might have some claim to; but his grace did not confine himself to these proofs of his favour; he presented Mr. Crabbe to the rectory of Trowbridge, in the diocese of Salisbury, and with it to a smaller benefice in that of Lincoln, which the indulgence of the bishop enabled him to hold. To the former Mr. Crabbe was instituted early in the year 1813, and has from that time resided in a parsonage, made convenient and enlarged by the efforts of the Rev. Gilbert Beresford, who preceded him in the rectory.

If there be any thing in the life of Mr. Crabbe which calls for particular attention from a general and indifferent reader, it must be, as he has himself frequently remarked, that ready kindness, the continued benevolence and liberality of those friends, upon whom he had no other claim than that with which his need of their favours supplied him. Grateful he might be, and as we know not any proof to the contrary, we may admit that he was; but his gratitude was not manifested by any pains that he took, or at least by any progress that he made, in those pursuits which it is probable his friends expected from him. During many years he gave no proof of his exertions; and when at length he ventured to publish his *Parish Register* and other poems, there is reason to believe that he was actuated by a more common and less generous motive than that of gratifying the expectations of his friends, in giving proof of his obedience to their commands. Yet for this he may not be entirely without excuse. That he wrote sometimes may be presumed, and if he succeeded not to his own mind, he was right in not intruding his unsuccessful attempts on the notice of the public; and if we add to this, though this of itself is sufficient, the increase of his duties and engagements as a father of a family and the minister of a parish, he is perhaps rather justified in his long silence than in his breaking it at last; for it does not always happen that a man has so good a reason for publishing his manuscripts as he has for keeping them in his private possession.

Our author, besides the poems mentioned above, wrote a sermon on the

death of his patron the Duke of Rutland, which he preached at the chapel at Belvoir Castle. This her grace the duchess caused to be printed; a task which Mr. Dodsley took upon himself, though at that time he had retired from the fatigues of his profession, and confined his attention to works in which he was more particularly interested.

Of the poems published by Mr. Crabbe, (we speak of those of his late years, including the *Library* and *Village*,) one has reached a fourth, and the other two each a sixth impression: the author has, therefore, no reason to complain of their reception; and whether he makes any future attempt or not, he may draw some consolation from what he has done, and may indulge the hope that his verses will be read when he is no more solicitous for any future success; or what should be the same thing, when he is no longer grateful for past indulgence.

FROM THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

NATURAL HISTORY OF THE COMMON EEL.

(Concluded from p. 491.)

Professor Bradley attempted, in earthen pans, to breed and keep young fish; amongst many others, he procured some eels which were not thicker than a coarse thread. For six months they were always immersed in the mud or earth at the bottom of the pans, having only a small hole open where their mouths were. Various other kinds of fish were at first kept in the same vessels; Mr. Bradley has often seen them seize a fish as it passed by them, and, he says, if he had not removed several which he had put into other pans, he should soon have lost them all.

There is at present not much known respecting the growth of fish. Numerous attempts to rear them in close vessels under immediate inspection have been made, but none of these have been attended with the desired success, since, in this confined state, and deprived of their natural food, their development must necessarily be much slower than in the open waters. There cannot be a stronger illustration of this circumstance than that which was afforded by the eels which were kept by Mr. Septfontaines. In the month of June, 1779, he procured sixty eels, each about seven inches in length, which he put into a large reservoir. At the end of more than four years, namely, in September, 1783, they had only increased to the length of about seventeen inches. In October, 1786, they measured about twenty inches, and lastly, in July, 1788, after a confinement of upwards of nine years, not more than about twenty-one inches.

Much has at different times been said respecting the enormous size that eels have attained. But I am inclined to suspect that, at least, in some of the instances, the conger has been mistaken for the common eel. In the river Ban, in Ireland, where there is an eel fishery so considerable as to let for one thousand pounds a year, it is, indeed, well known that the common eels do arrive sometimes at a weight of betwixt fifteen and twenty pounds. But the eel said to have been caught near Cricksea, in Essex, the length of which was five feet eight inches; that in the Maldon Channel, about half a mile below the town, which was seven feet in length; and that taken on the Norfolk coast, which weighed betwixt fifty and sixty pounds, have certainly been congers.

The hybernation, or winter retirement of eels, is not a little curious. I am credibly informed that they do not merely sink themselves deep into the mud, but that they oftentimes make their way to the distance even of three or four yards under the bank of the river or ditch which they fre-

quent. In such situations they have been dug out in immense numbers, coiled together in one great mass. An instance of this took place near Waltham, some years ago, in which there was as many discovered as would have filled a bushel.

Eels are proverbially tenacious of life. It is considered so difficult to kill them, that many persons have the cruelty to skin them alive rather than take the trouble even of attempting first to render them devoid of feeling. Perhaps the easiest and most efficacious method of doing this is to divide the vertebræ behind the head by means of a penknife. The natural duration of the life of eels has not yet been ascertained. Some persons have supposed them to be very long lived, whilst others do not believe that they usually outlive the term of from five to eight years. The enormous size to which some individuals have grown would, however, seem to militate against the latter opinion.

These fish are usually considered in highest perfection for the table from the commencement of spring till about the end of July: yet they continue good till the end of September or beginning of October.

The skins of eels in some parts of the continent are made into a kind of ropes, which have great strength, and considerable durability. In some districts of Tartary they are used to supply the place of glass in windows. The inhabitants of the Orknies wear them as a remedy for the cramp. In many countries of the north of Europe the scales of eels, which are extremely minute, are mixed with cement for the purpose of giving a silvery lustre to the houses.

With respect to its interior conformation, we find that the abdominal cavity of the eel is narrow. The heart is somewhat four-cornered. The liver, which consists of two long and unequal lobes, is of a pale red colour; and the gall-bladder is large. The spleen is triangular, and the air-bladder simple. The intestinal canal is short, and without either sinuosities or appendices. The back bone contains one hundred and sixteen vertebræ.

FROM HUMBOLDT'S TRAVELS.

INDIAN RUBBER.

"Here (says Mr. H.) at the mission of St. Balthasar on the Atabapo, we saw, for the first time, that white and fungous substance, which I have made known by the name of *dapicho* and *zapis*. We immediately perceived, that it was analogous to the *elastic resin*; but, as the Indians made us understand by signs, that it was found under ground, we were inclined to think, till we arrived at the mission of Javita, that the *dapicho* was a fossil caoutchouc, though different from the elastic bitumen of Derbyshire. A Poimisano Indian, seated by the fire, in the hut of the missionary, was employed in reducing the *dapicho* into black caoutchouc. He had spitted several bits on a slender stick, and was roasting them like meat. The *dapicho* blackens in proportion as it grows softer, and gains in elasticity. The resinous and aromatic smell, which filled the hut, seemed to indicate, that this colouration is the effect of the decomposition of a carburet of hydrogen, and that the carbon appears in proportion as the hydrogen burns at a low heat. The Indian beat the softened and blackened mass with a piece of brazil wood, ending in form of a club; he then kneaded the *dapicho* into balls of three or four inches in diameter, and let it cool. These balls exactly resemble the caoutchouc of the shops, but their surface remains in general slightly viscous. They are used at San Balthasar in the Indian game of tennis, which is so celebrated among the inhabitants of Uruana and Encara-

mada; they are cut into cylinders, to be used as corks, and are far preferable to those made of the bark of the cork-tree."

Soon after, the travellers obtained precise information respecting this substance: it was shown them at the depth of two or three feet, in a marshy soil, "between the roots of two trees known by the name of the *jacio* and the *curvana*. The first is the hevea of Aublet, or siphonia of the modern botanists, known to furnish the caoutchouc of commerce in Cayenne and the Grand Para; the second has pinnate leaves, and its juice is milky, but very thin, and almost destitute of viscosity. The *dapicho* appears to be the result of an extravasation of the sap from the roots. This extravasation takes place more especially when the trees have attained a great age, and the interior of the trunk begins to decay. The bark and alburnum crack; and thus is effected naturally, what the art of man performs to collect in abundance the milky juices of the hevea, the castilloa, and the caoutchouc fig-tree."

Variety.

MASSILLON.

This distinguished preacher raised himself by his talents from a state of obscurity, to be the highest ornament of the age in which he lived, both for eloquence and piety. His most celebrated sermon is that on the small number of the elect, which occasioned many of his audience to rise from their seats, struck with the horror of not being of the number. The following are a few of the most striking passages of this admirable discourse.

"If you know to what obligations the title of Christian, which you bear, binds you; if you understand the holiness of your state; how much it prescribes to you a faithful life, a continual vigilance, precaution against the temptations of sensual gratifications; in a word, conformity to Jesus Christ crucified; if you could comprehend it; if you would consider, that before loving God with all your heart and all your strength, a single desire which does not relate to him would defile you; if you could comprehend this, you would find yourself a monster before his eyes. What would you say of obligations so holy, and manners so profane? a vigilance so continual, and a life so careless and dissipated? a love of God so pure, so full, so universal, and a heart always a prey to a thousand affections, either strange or criminal? If it be thus, O my God! who can then be saved? Few people, my dear audience; it will not be you, unless you are changed! it will not be those who resemble you; it will not be the multitude.

"Who then can be saved? Do you wish to know? It will be those who work out their salvation with fear; who live amidst the world, but who live not as the world.

"Who can be saved? That Christian woman, who, confined to the circle of her domestic affairs, educates her children in faith and piety, leaving to the Almighty the decision of their destiny; who is adorned with chastity and modesty; who does not sit in the assembly of the vain; who does not make for herself a law of the foolish customs of the world, but corrects those customs by the law of God, and gives credit to virtue by her rank and example.

"Who can be saved? That faithful man, who, in these degenerate days, imitates the manners of the primitive Christians, whose hands are innocent and body pure; that vigilant man, who has not received his soul in vain, but who, even amidst the dangers of high life, continually applies himself to

purify it; that just man who does not use deception towards his neighbour, and who owes not to doubtful means the innocent increase of his fortune; that generous man who loads with benefits the enemy who wishes to destroy him, and injures not his rivals, except by superior merit; that sincere man who does not sacrifice truth to a contemptible interest, and who knows not how to please in betraying his conscience; that charitable man who makes of his house and credit the asylum of his brethren, and of his person the consolation of the afflicted; that man who uses his wealth for the benefit of the poor; who is submissive in afflictions, a Christian in injuries, penitent even in prosperity.

"Who can be saved? You, my dear hearers, if you will follow these examples. Behold! these are the people who will be saved; but these certainly do not constitute the greatest number.

"There is perhaps no person here, who cannot say to himself, 'I live as the majority, as those of my rank, of my age, and of my condition.' I am lost if I die in this state. But what is more calculated to frighten a soul, to whom there remains still something to be done for its salvation? Nevertheless, it is the multitude who tremble not. Only a small number of pious persons work out their salvation with fear: all the rest are calm. One knows in general, that the majority of mankind are lost, but he flatters himself that after having lived with the multitude, he will be distinguished from them in *death*; each one puts himself in the case of chimerical exception, each augurs favourably for himself. And it is on this account that I address myself to you, my brethren, who are here assembled. I speak no more of the rest of men; I regard you as if you alone were upon the earth; and behold the thoughts which occupy and terrify me. I suppose that this is your last moment, and the end of the universe; that the heavens are going to open over your heads, Jesus Christ to appear in his glory in the middle of this temple; and that you are assembled here only to expect him, and as trembling criminals, to whom he is going to pronounce a sentence of pardon, or a decree of eternal death: because it is in vain for you to flatter yourselves, that you shall die better than you are at this time. All those designs of change which amuse you now, will amuse you even to the bed of death; it is the experience of all ages: every thing that you will then find new in yourselves, will be perhaps an account, a little greater than that which you would have to render on this day; and from what you would be, if he should come to judge you in the present moment, you can almost with certainty decide what you will be at departing from this life. But I demand of you, and I demand it of you struck with horror, not separating in this point my lot from yours, and putting myself in the same state in which I wish that I should be. I ask you, then, if Jesus Christ should appear in this temple, in the midst of this assembly, the most august in the world, for the purpose of judging us, in order to make the just discrimination between the good and the bad, do you believe that the majority of us, who are here assembled, would be placed on the right? Do you believe that the number would be equal? Do you believe that he would find here even ten pious men, which the Almighty could not formerly find in five populous cities? I demand it of you: you are *ignorant* of it: and I am ignorant of it myself. Thou alone, O my God! knowest those who belong to thee. But if we know not those who belong to him, we know at least that *sinner*s do not belong to him. But who are the faithful ones here assembled? Titles and dignities ought to be counted as nothing; you will be deprived of them before Jesus Christ. Who are they? Many *sinner*s who do not wish to be converted; still more who wish it, but who defer their conversion; many others who are converted only to fall again into sin. In fine, a great number, who believe they have no need of conversion; these are the reprov'd. Retrench these four *sorts*

of sinners from this holy assembly; for they will be retrenched from it on that great day.

“Appear now, ye just; where are you? Remains of Israel, pass to the right; wheat of Jesus Christ, separate from this straw destined to the fire: O God! where are thy elect? And what remain for thy lot?”

CHRISTIAN TURK.

Among the groups that decorate the grand staircase at Kensington, painted by the ingenious Kent, who laid out the beautiful gardens for Queen Caroline, is a portrait of Mahomet, the Turk, who was valet-de-chambre to his majesty, George I. This worthy man, whom the sovereign brought from Hanover, was justly esteemed for his amiable manners and general deportment. Although so great a royal favourite, his benevolence was not the least of his many virtues, having, in the space of three years, discharged from the Gate-house in Westminster, the Borough, Clink, Ludgate, and other close and filthy prisons, disgraceful to that age, more than three hundred poor debtors confined for small sums! This Christian Turk died in 1726.

MARY TIGHE,

“A very superior woman, both in mind and acquirements, was born in Dublin, in 1774. Her father was the Rev. William Blashford, librarian of St. Patrick’s Library, Dublin; and her mother, Theodosia Tighe, of Rossanna, in the county of Wicklow. She had the misfortune to lose her father while an infant; but, by the care of her excellent mother, her fine intellectual powers were developed and cultivated. In early life she appears to have mixed with the gay world; but an extreme sensibility, joined to great delicacy of sentiment, soon decided her preference for retirement, where, happy in her choice of a partner, and devoted to her relatives and friends, hope pointed exultingly to happiness, but sickness and death made their inroad in the choice circle; the loss of relatives, joined with other causes, undermined her own health, and after a painful struggle of six years, she departed this life with Christian resignation and confiding hope, at Woodstock, in the county of Kilkenny, on the 24th of March, 1810, in the thirty-seventh year of her age.

“Her beautiful poem of *Psyche* will be remembered as long as elegance and classical taste can excite admiration; nor will her minor poems be forgotten, whilst piety, delicacy, and the most touching pathos have power to charm. With the profits arising from the above poems, an hospital ward has been endowed and attached to the House of Refuge, (a charitable institution founded by her mother in the county of Wicklow,) which is called the *Psyche* ward.

“She married her cousin, Henry Tighe, a man of considerable talent, who has been deceased about three years. Mr. T. represented the county of Wicklow in parliament, at the time of his decease. He was the author of ‘*The Statistical History of the County of Kilkenny*,’ a thick 8vo. published in 1799, by far the best of those county histories published under the auspices of the Dublin Society.”

JOHN JARVIS,

“An eminent painter on glass, was born in Dublin about 1749. He first practised his art in his native city, in the prosecution of which he was much assisted by the chemical instructions of the late Dr. Cunningham. He then removed to London, where he was soon distinguished, and was employed to execute those beautiful works in painted glass at Oxford and Windsor, from the designs and under the inspection of Sir Joshua Reynolds and Mr. President West. Jarvis died in London in 1804, greatly regretted by the admirers of the fine arts.”

INVENTIVE ENTERPRISE.

When the crew of the *Wager* man of war, had escaped from the wreck, to the coast of Patagonia, the boatswain's mate having got a water puncheon, scuttled it, then lashing two logs, one on each side to it, he went to sea in this extraordinary and original ark. He thus frequently provided himself with wild fowl, while all the rest were starving; and weather was bad indeed, when it deterred him from adventuring. Sometimes he would be absent a whole day. Once he was unfortunately overset by a heavy sea, when at a great distance from shore; but being near a rock, though no swimmer, he contrived to scramble to it. There he remained two days with little prospect of relief, as he was too far off the land to be visible. Luckily, however, a boat happened to go that way, in quest of wild fowl, and discovering his signals, rescued him from his forlorn situation. He was, however, so little discouraged by this accident, that a short time after, he procured an ox's hide, and by the assistance of hoops he converted it into a sort of canoe, in which he made several successful voyages.

MAJOR ANDRE.

The *Phæton* frigate, captain W. A. Montagu, has arrived at Portsmouth from Halifax, with the remains of major Andre, after an extraordinary quick passage of only 18 days. The two cedar trees, says a writer in the *London Courier*, which grew out of his grave, were forwarded to England with the remains. Their roots had wrapped themselves round the skull of Andre, like a fine netting. It is evident that major Andre was not buried in his regimentals, as not a button, nor any part of his dress, save the leathern string that tied his hair, could be found.

REPARTEE VERSIFIED.

A groom, whom a buck was staring at,
Caught up his stirrup and quizzed with that:
"Bravo!" cried one just passing by,
"That is, indeed, sir—*Irony*."

THE PERILOUS RACE.

What! tho' your wages are not paid,
Don't fear, they still run on;
"Ah!" said the man, "they run so fast,
They never will have done."

THE FORTUNATE DEFECT.

How like is this picture, you'd think that it breathes;
What life! what expression! what spirit!
It wants but a tongue, "Alas!" said the spouse,
"That want is its principal merit."

LITERARY NOTICES.

It is announced, that M. de Chateaubriand is preparing for publication the complete works of his celebrated friend, the late M. de Fontanes. Among his inedited pieces, a life of Louis XI. and a course of literature are particularly mentioned.

Some inedited pieces of Voltaire have recently been published at Paris from original manuscripts. The letters from him to Thiriot, and to his niece, Mademoiselle De Fontaine, are said to furnish many curious anecdotes.

A new poem, by the popular author of "*Anster Fair*," is shortly expected. Its title is, *The Thane of Fife*.

A History of the Rise, Progress, and Practice of Duelling, is very soon to make its appearance.

One of the English magazines thinks it likely that the *Pirate* will not be published before Christmas.

Mr. Noah, of New York, has got up a new play, called *Marion, or the Hero of Lake George*.

Poetry.

VERSES GIVEN WITH MY PICTURE TO MY BROTHER.

I bade the artist use his utmost care,
 To make this image of thy sister smile;
 That though in wo, or sickness, thou may'st there
 Ne'er trace the sorrows thou could'st ne'er beguile:
 Or that when time or fate shall chill my heart,
 And when in silent peace I calmly sleep,
 E'en then, to thee no pain I may impart,
 To swell thy breast with sighs, or bid thee weep! [N. Month. Mag.]

STANZAS TO A BEAUTY.

Transcendent Being! say—ah! tell me whence—
 From what bright region of ethereal day,
 Come thy fair features—mild intelligence,
 Like a young Iris formed by Beauty's ray—
 And uncompounded of our base material clay!
 Art thou a fairy vision from the sky,
 Sent down to cheer this gloomy world below?
 Or Hourì—from Elysian fields on high,
 The place where Musulmen desire to go—
 Where purest love abounds, and lasting raptures flow?
 Ah, no! those dimpling smiles, that cheerful play
 Around thy rosy lips and mantling cheek,
 That bosom's throb, those eyes that gazing slay,
 Thee still a creature of our earth bespeak—
 Proclaim thee human still—and still as woman—weak!
 Oh, thou art form'd, all tenderness and love,
 To be an helpmate to *one* here below—
 Though beauteous as angelic souls above,
 To bid some mortal's cup of bliss o'erflow—
 Inspiring joys, alas! I perhaps may never know!

[Ib.]

SONNET.

Yes! it *is* beautiful—that summer scene,
 With all the lights of morning o'er it gleaming,—
 And thou art beautiful—thy sweet eye beaming
 In virtue's brightness, radiant, yet serene;
 But there is on my mind a thought that decks
 With brighter beauty all my eye can see;
 A thought whose presence quenches not, nor checks
 The fervour of my gaze, beholding thee—
 Thought of the pure, made purer still—and all
 Of beauty, yet more beautiful:—to me
 Such musings are delightful, for they fall
 Like the sun's beams on every thing I see,
 Gilding, refining, sanctifying all
 With noble thoughts of Immortality.

[Ib.]

SONG.* BY T. CAMPBELL.

The brave Roland!—the brave Roland—
False tidings reach'd the Rhenish strand
That he had fall'n in fight;
And thy faithful bosom swoon'd with pain,
O loveliest maiden of Allémayne,
For the loss of thine own true knight.

But why so rash has she ta'en the veil,
In yon Nonnenwerder's cloisters pale?
For her vow had scarce been sworn,
And the fatal mantle o'er her flung,
When the Drachenfells to a trumpet rung—
'Twas her own dear warrior's horn.

Wo, wo! each heart shall bleed, shall break!
She would have hung upon his neck,
Had he come but yester-even;
And he had clasp'd those peerless charms
That shall never, never fill his arms,
Or meet him but in heaven.

Yet Roland the brave, Roland the true,
He could not bid that spot adieu;
It was dear, still 'midst his woes;
For he lov'd to breathe the neighb'ring air,
And to think she blest him in her prayer
When the Halleluiahs rose.

There's yet one window of that pile,
Which he built above the nun's green isle,
Thence sad and oft look'd he,
(When the chant and organ sounded slow)
On the mansion of his love below,
For herself he might not see.

She died!—He sought the battle-plain;
Her image fill'd his dying brain,
When he fell, and wish'd to fall:
And her name was in his latest sigh,
When Roland, the flower of chivalry,
Expired at Roncevall.

[*New Monthly Mag.*]

THE MULETEER'S HYMN IMITATED.

Thro' dreary wastes I wander,
O'er craggy mountains roam;
The Virgin safely guards me,
When absent from my home.

Tho' parching suns oppress me,
Or winter's torrents foam;
The Virgin's care protects me,
And guides me to my home.

In danger she upholds me,
And whispers joys to come;
When Nora shall embrace me,
And welcome me to home!

[*Lond. Lit. Gaz.*]

* The tradition which forms the substance of these stanzas is still preserved in Germany. An ancient tower on a height, called the Rolandseck, a few miles above Bonn on the Rhine, is shown as the habitation which Roland built in sight of a nunnery, into which his mistress had retired on having heard an unfounded account of his death. Whatever may be thought of the credibility of the legend, its scenery must be recollected with pleasure by every one who has ever visited the romantic landscape of the Drachenfells, the Rolandseck, and the beautiful adjacent islet of the Rhine, where a nunnery still stands.